

Would sweeten Cytherea's lips and make
Adonis jealous—these for thy head!—and for thy

Your curving spray of Clematis,

[illegible]

Like a true poet, Mr. Wilde is not didactic. He apparently has no lesson to impart of the old Greek one, that beauty, whether art or in nature, is woman's form or in the words of the poet, "the ideal of materialism." In the world of railroads and all the devices of civilization do not necessarily help men on to happiness; that God's flowers are more prized than man's factories; that there is rest in the world which is better than gold and rest than the luxury that

With barren merchandise piles up the gates
Of the great city, that is doubly gay.

This devotion to the beautiful Mr. Dumas admirably satirizes in a sketch of a lady whom Maude is conversing in his unwriting attitude, and with the usual vague expression behind his eyeglasses. This is an accompanying dialogue:

Maude—How consummately lovely you are, Mr. Wilde.

Mr. W.—What? Has a nice manly boy of my name, Mr. Wilde, as I have just learned, you know, wishes to take an artist.

Maude—Why should he not be an artist?

Mr. W.—Why not? He is a very nice fellow.

Maude—Why should he be anything, why not have a good dinner and a good dinner?

This theme of the beautiful is not a new one nor has Mr. Wilde found any new method giving it expression. His forms of versification, his modes of thought, his general treatment of his subjects, are precisely such as he found in the models that he has studied. He fortunate to have sought with such nicety rhythm and cadence in the great models, as Keats, Shelley, Swinburne, Tennyson and Morris. He is even more fortunate in that he is educated, even if in a lesser degree, with the sensibility that has animated them, and that he able to seek to find in their poems the same forms, the same harmonies, the same lovely. Neither is he a timid, or even at times a discreet, writer. While he has some of the ease and the flow of Morris, he has also the passion of Swinburne; and many of his very are so intense in expression that their truth to the reader is almost a matter of the existence. They will not bear repetition even for the purposes of criticism, and if a will doubtless come, after the first youth are somewhat cooled in the young man's veins, when he will wish that discretion had tempered his ardor. It is scarcely the province of the critic to find reasons for the poet's passions. It is unfortunate that one of the longest and finest of his poems—that entitled "Carnivales" is marred by blemishes of character. Others, however, are entirely free from them, and from one of these, in which he makes reference to those who have fallen in England's recent wars in many far-off lands, we quote these lines:

Set in this stormy northern sea,
Queen of their restless fields of tide,
The

[illegible][illegible]